

AIRS,
Duetto's, Trios,
AND
CHORUSSES,
IN
The Witch of the Wood;
OR
THE NUTTING GIRLS.

A MUSICAL FARCE,

PERFORMED

AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL,
COVENT-GARDEN.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY H. MACLEISH, AT THE SUNDAY RECORDER OFFICE,
DUKE'S-COURT, DRURY-LANE.

1796.

PRICE, SIXPENCE.

AIR 8

Donner, T. von

AND

CHORUSSES

IN

The Works of the 14th

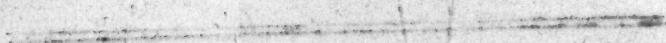
and 15th

THE VOTING GIRLS



AT THE THEATRE ROYAL

COVENT-GARDEN



LONDON

Printed and Sold by the Author, at the Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden.

1780

1780

1780

THE Musical Drama, in which the following Songs, &c. are introduced, was written entirely from motives of Friendship to Mr. SPOFFORTH; and the Author conceives it an Honor to afford any Assistance to a Composer of such promising Abilities. The Author cannot make sufficient Acknowledgments to Mrs. MOUNTAIN for the Solitude and Attention she has bestowed to the getting up of the Piece, and for many judicious Alterations and Arrangements.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.



Woodville.....*Mr. Incledon,*
Quickset.....*Mr. Fawcett,*
Quash.....*Mr. Powel,*
Kitty.....*Mrs. Martyr.*
Patty.....*Mrs. Mountain,*
Dame Hazlenut.....*Mrs. Davenport.*

Villagers, &c.

SCENE in and near a Wood.

SONGS, &c.

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The OVERTURE and MUSIC composed by
Mr. SPOFFORTH.

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ACT I.

==

CHORUS of VILLAGERS.

EACH morning our pleasures renew,
And bid the gay villager smile;
Our lasses are constant and true.
'Like strangers to sorrow and guile.

To mirth and to pleasure we give the whole day;
Thus dance and thus sing the glad hours away.

TRIO, KITTY, PATTY, and QUICKSET.

QUICKSET.

I say, good Dame, attend to me,
Or wither'd with age, or young you be,
You've broke my father's hedges.

KITTY. (*From a Window.*)

What me?

PATTY. (*From another Window.*)

Or me?

BOTH.

You wrong us we are sure:

(*Kitty and Patty enter.*)

QUICKSET.

Who can endure?
Or be secure?
When beauty fires,
And love inspires;
When such fair blooming maidens meet,
In dress so trim, so charming neat.

PATTY AND KITTY.

Whatever you think,
'Don't matter a wink,
Two damsels' words a pledge is.

DUETT, KITTY and PATTY.

Through all these sylvan woods we roam,
 At early dawn of day;
 Where pearly dew-drops hang around,
 On every blooming spray.

While yet the horn with early note
 Sounds sweetly o'er the lea,
 Our daily task we cheerly meet,
 To strip the hazel tree.

SONG, QUICKSET.

In love, it is true, I'm a comical fellow,
 And when with good ale I once feel myself mellow,
 And a jorum just set in my view;

I cou'd fit like a Prince between these pretty lasses,
 Each artfully striving to get the most kisses,
 Whil'ft to both I'm sound-hearted true.

FINALE.

KITTY, PATTY, DAME HAZLENUT, QUICKSET,
 QUASH, and VILLAGERS.

VILLAGERS.

Dear Goody, what can be the matter?
 Why this frightful noise and clatter?

KITTY, PATTY, AND QUICKSET.

Why, good folks, this vain intrusion?
 Are you come to breed confusion?

DAME HAZLENUT.

Neighbours, neighbours, pray attend;
Listen, whether foe or friend.

KITTY AND PATTY.

Neighbours, neighbours, cease this pother;
There's no hearing one or other.

DAME HAZLENUT.

Silence girls! I'll have it out;
All shall know what's been about.

QUASH AND VILLAGERS.

Listen, listen, to the story.

DAME HAZLENUT.

This same lout ye have before ye
Would seduce my daughters dear.
Lo! I found him hidden there,
In the cupboard—'tis most true.

VILLAGERS.

Within the cupboard, Goody say you?
To the Justice he shall go.

KITTY.

Truly, neighbours, say you so?

QUICKSET.

With the Justice I'll be first:
Who's last behind will run the worst.

QUASH, DAME HAZLENUT, AND VILLAGERS.

In vain you take a speedy flight:
We'll bring your roguish tricks to light.
Oh! where will end this dreadful plight.

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ACT II.



SONG, WOODVILLE.

FROM sloth and from indolence free,
 What pleasures the sportsman enjoys ;
 To the sound of the horn in full glee,
 We scour thro' the woods, my brave boys.

For what joys can compare
 To hunting the hare ?
 To follow the hounds let us go :
 While so sweetly the horn
 To awaken the morn
 The woodlands resound Tally-ho.

II.

O'er hills and o'er dales, far away
 With speed now for safety she flies ;
 But soon we o'ertake her, huzza !
 Hark forward—Tantivy—she dies.

See no joys can compare
 To hunting the hare ;
 To follow the hounds let us go :
 While so sweetly the horn
 Is awaking the morn,
 The woodlands resound Tally-ho.

SONG, PATTY.

(Accompanied on the Violin by Mr. Mountain.)

The tender impression we cannot erase,
Or banish it hence from the soul ;
Fond Love's gentle passion if once we embrace,
'Twill soon grow beyond our controul.

SONG, KITTY.

At morn and eve so blithe and merry
I'd range the poultry, sties, and dairy ;
Skim the milk and turn the cheese,
Make my butter how I please ;
And whilst the churn goes dashing round,
I'd listen to the jovial sound
My true Love makes, whilst turning o'er
The ground so often turn'd before.

II.

With rising larks I'd hail the day,
And view my pretty lambkins play ;
But when the harvest teems her store,
Of wheat, of rye, and ten things more,
Then tending of my cooking care
I'd listen to the jovial air
Which my true Love so loudly sings
Whilst he his loads of barley brings.

SONG,

*Introduced by Mr. INCLEDON,
Not composed by Mr. SPOFFORTH.)*

DUET. PATTY and WOODVILLE.

In sweet consent together let us prove
The lasting joys of Harmony and Love;
Find dear delight in ev'ry social hour,
In shades of woodbine and ambrosial bow'r.

Far from the scenes of Folly's giddy round,
Where pleasure revels on forbidden ground.

FINALE.

WOODVILLE, QUICKSET, PATTY, KITTY, &c.

WOODVILLE.

Let sparkling treasure roundly pass;
Let each possess his lovely lass;
Now such joys await us here,
Merry let us all appear.

CHORUS, *Let sparkling, &c.*

QUICKSET.

Let me speak 'fore 'tis too late,
Tho' the hedge-stake broke my pate,
Tho' my heart was wounded sore,
My wounds are heal'd, and smart no more.

CHORUS, *Let sparkling, &c.*

PATTY.

Since revolving Time does prove,
At length, to favour those that love;
Let the love-sick maid beware,
How she yields to dire despair.

CHORUS, *Let sparkling, &c.*

KITTY.

Merry, harmless, let us be,
Worthy of our destiny;
Grateful let us ever prove,
Ne'er from duty more to rove.

CHORUS, *Let sparkling, &c.*

FINIS.

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